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This New Palace will inevitably be the model in style in Japan for many public and important private houses in the future.

The official choice of a borrowed style in Architecture is important. Japan, in other branches, has made her choice between the varied systems of the Western world and the wisdom of her choice has been invariably manifest. Japan is young

in the family of Nations, but old in traditions, and its people famed for their craftsmanship and color sense, and if to the proportion and form of the chosen style of architecture they engraft the sense of color and live execution of detail that is their inheritance, may we not hope for a new, national, and still higher note in their architecture in the future?

GUIDO'S AURORA

BY GEORGE WORTHINGTON

Born on the morning breeze above the dew,
 The Link-boy and the Rosy-fingered one
 Lead the on-coming chariot of the Sun,
 And all the grass with dewy blossoms strew;
 While the young Hours, hand clasped in hand, renew,
 With undulating glide, their joyous run,
 All maidenly; so human, that each one
 Finds the twin sister there, to one he knows, or knew.

From night of the dark ages, thus the dawn
 Broke, and still broadens. As the Greek of old,
 Men saw with love earth's loveliness, the clay,
 Whereof we are made, lost vileness; like the dawn,
 Burst into blossom. Thus your tale you've told,
 Perpetual Virgins —ever-dawning day.

THE PAINTINGS IN THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY EXHIBITION

THERE is certainly nothing apathetic about the one hundred and fifth annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, which opened on the 23d of January, and will not close until the 20th of March. Whatever may be the shortcomings of the paintings now on exhibition in Philadelphia they cannot be said to either suggest or conduce *ennui*. Fresh, spontaneous, joyful, as a mass they give indication of a healthy relish on the part of the painters in their work, and token of continued progress.

Of course the arrangement of the exhibits has something to do with the effectiveness of the display as a whole, but much of its pleasure-giving quality must be attributed to the character of the work.

In the main gallery in the place of honor, where in previous seasons have successively hung Sargent's portrait of the Misses Hunter and Abbott Thayer's "Virgin," is placed a huge, unfinished canvas by Edmund C. Tarbell, an equestrian portrait group, begun and carried



THE MORNING ROOM

GARI MELCHERS

so far, last summer and autumn out of doors in New England. To exhibit it lays it open to criticism, but to judge it more than provisionally would be manifestly unfair. Admiring the painter's daring one misses in the canvas as it now appears his habitual charm of manner and is bound to wonder whether it will become, eventually, a really big picture, or merely a small one magnified.

To the left of this enormous painting hangs a nocturne by J. Alden Weir, entitled "The Hunters' Moon," to which the Walter Lippincott Prize of \$300 has

been awarded. Eluding reproduction, this picture is one of the most noteworthy which has been painted in recent years, interpreting in graphic manner the ethereal spaciousness of the night-sky. Nine-tenths of this canvas represent the heavens, one-tenth the earth. High above the horizon, to the left, is the crescent moon; in the foreground, emerging from a wood, is a group of figures, like fireflies, carrying lanterns. Not much to make a picture, yet the very simplicity of the composition contributes to the force of the effect.



PORTRAIT

GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH

In this same gallery are two portraits by Sargent, both memorable, the one of Joseph Pulitzer, which must always be accounted among this modern master's great works, the other of Dr. J. William White, in scholastic robes, a more recent production. To the left, by the door opening into the corridor, hangs a "Portrait of a Lady" by George de Forest Brush, a work so different in style from other contemporary portraits that were it even less meritorious it could not fail to call forth remark. The painty quality of some of Mr. Brush's earlier portraits is quite absent; of hardness there is still a trace; cool in color, simple in the extreme, delicately modeled, this is a work in the spirit of the painters before Raphael. The way the painter has arrived at his result is amazingly interesting, but dominating even this is the pervasive personality of the subject, the astute interpretation of enigmatical femininity which, while alluring, eludes analysis.

The Temple Gold Medal for the best picture in the exhibition, without regard

to subject, was awarded to Howard Gardiner Cushing for a portrait of a lady in a white satin gown, seated upon a sofa; and the Carol B. Breck Gold Medal for the best portrait in the exhibition painted within the last three years was given to Adolphe E. Borie, 3d, for a portrait entitled "Lady with a Black Scarf," unique in having a night sky as a background and a somewhat decorative arrangement of foliage and blossoms as an accessory. Mr. Cushing is represented by five other paintings (four of figures), and Mr. Borie by two additional portraits, one, most admirable, of Dr. T. W. Holland.

The portraits in this exhibition are not numerous, but rather above the average in merit. William M. Chase sends an excellent portrait of James C. Carter, Ralph Clarkson, a splendid portrait of Lorado Taft; Lydia Field Emmet's portrait of Miss Iselin, shown recently in the National Academy of Design exhibition is here, as well as Irving Wiles's portrait of Mrs. A. W. Drake and Harvey Worthington Loomis; Ellen G. Emmet's of Dr. Billings and Mrs. Peabody; and J. McLure Hamilton's of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell and of Joseph Pennell. Carroll S. Tyson, Jr., who up to the present time has made a specialty of landscape painting, sends a portrait of Mrs. Charles Gilpin, 3d, which is good in character and pleasingly decorative in effect. William E. B. Starkweather contributes a portrait of an old lady which is well handled and personal, and Hugh Breckenridge a portrait of Mrs. C. Shillard Smith, not pleasant in color scheme, but frank and technically clever. In addition to his figure painting, "The Blue Cup," Joseph De Camp is represented by a portrait study of a young woman in a fur jacket, a peculiarly reserved, toneful work. Robert Henri is seen to have grown more suave and facile in "Betale" and "Ballet Girl in White," and following his lead come Ben Ali Haggin with his portrait of the dancer Rita Sacchette, Homer Boss with a painting of a "Young Woman in Blue and Gold," and D. F. Shull with a "Spanish Dancer"—clever, no doubt, but not quite clever enough to

make the works genuinely worth while—to give them real significance.

Charles W. Hawthorne's "Two Fishermen," reproduced as a frontispiece in the last issue of *ART AND PROGRESS*, is here, as is also George De Forest Brush's "Family Group," lent by the Chicago Art Institute.

Among the figure paintings of special note is John W. Alexander's large canvas entitled "Summer's Day," a picture of two young women, one wearing a pink, and the other a green, gown, before an open window, through which the summer breeze is blowing. This is painted in Mr. Alexander's characteristic style with broad washes of flat tints, and, as usual, derives much of its charm through the spacing of the composition, the use of flowing lines and harmonious combination of colors. But beyond these factors distinction lies in its insistent atmospheric effect, the air seeming to be fairly surcharged with sunlight. To many this is "the picture" of the show.

Quite different in manner and yet extremely attractive is Gari Melcher's "Morning Room," lent by Dr. George Woodward, which was shown for the first time, it is believed, at the Carnegie Institute's International Exhibition last spring, and is found quite reminiscent of his portrait of Mrs. Melcher's, owned by the Detroit Art Museum. There is a charm and also a simple dignity in A. E. Albright's picture of children, "The Eel Pot," and very much to be said in praise of Richard E. Miller's "Café l'Avenue, Paris."

A number of the American artists in Paris are exhibitors and in some instances they strengthen the exhibition, but a tendency is displayed to borrow some of the failings of the French modern school and, disregarding the amenities of convention, depend entirely upon technical skill for grace.

The landscapes are not insistent but really notable. In manner of rendering they run the gamut from Mr. Hassam's mosaics of color spots to Mr. Dearth's well-toned renderings. For a picture entitled "The Summer Sea," Mr. Hassam was awarded the Jennie Sesnan Gold

Medal, which is given for the best landscape in the exhibition—unquestionably a delightful picture, but not more so, perhaps, it would seem, than his "Bonero Hill," "Old Elm," or "The Siren's Grotto." Philip Little's landscapes, several of which are shown, are of remarkable interest, impressionistic in style, yet conservative and decorative—pictures full of sunshine and the feeling of out-of-doors. Daniel Garber's "Hills of Byram" has much to commend it as has also Ernest Lawson's "Hoboken Heights," both realistic transcriptions made attractive through play of light and atmosphere. Paul Dougherty's marines, "The Black Squall" and "The Cove," are powerful and mature, combining with the suggestion of strength much subtle loveliness.

Among the painters of winter landscapes both W. Elmer Schofield and Edward W. Redfield are well represented, the former probably better, however, than the latter, his pictures being somewhat more forceful in effect, and convincing. Charles Morris Young contributes an excellent snow picture, "Farm House in Winter," and snow scenes by Ernest David Roth, Everett Warner, and Willard L. Metcalf are all worthy of mention.

It is impossible to more than recall passing impressions. In an exhibition of this size full justice cannot be done to all the works, either in a single visit, or in one article.

Yet from even so cursory a survey a certain estimate can be made. Courage and conviction are found the dominant notes of the exhibition. No one school can claim leadership—each painter, choosing his own, goes forward independently. But while progressive, the work is conservative, and that these two traits should walk hand in hand is indeed significant. The most difficult thing is, perhaps, to be conventional, and at the same time individual—to walk in the "strait and narrow path," and avoid the commonplace. But it is this, it appears, that the majority of the contributors to the Pennsylvania Academy exhibition are accomplishing.

L. M.